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Judge

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BRYAN IN 1909

"Prosperity did it."

Judge

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THE INCREASED COST OF LIVING.

IT COSTS more to live to-day than it did yesterday. But, with it all, JUDGE believes "it is worth more." Farmers in general, and the Western in particular, have blamed all the evils to which they have fallen heir to the trusts. Loud have been their cries, "Bust the trusts!" The remarkable thing, according to the *Review of Reviews*, is that Bradstreet statistics show that the commodities controlled by the trusts have shown a smaller increase in price than the average. These statistics of Bradstreet deal with one hundred and six articles of domestic consumption and cover a period of seventeen years. The farmer leads almost all the rest in the way he has advanced the prices of his products. For example, the wholesale price of eggs has advanced from twelve and a half cents a dozen in 1896 to twenty-eight cents; corn from thirty-four cents a bushel to eighty cents; wheat from sixty-four cents a bushel to one dollar and twenty cents. JUDGE fails to see where the FARMER "has any kick coming." It should be remembered that JUDGE has quoted the wholesale prices and that the ultimate consumer has had to pay a still higher price for his products from the farm.

PEN-POINTS.

JUDGE wishes to concur in the decision of Governor Hughes, of New York, that the life of the late Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, is "one of the finest illustrations of American opportunity well used."

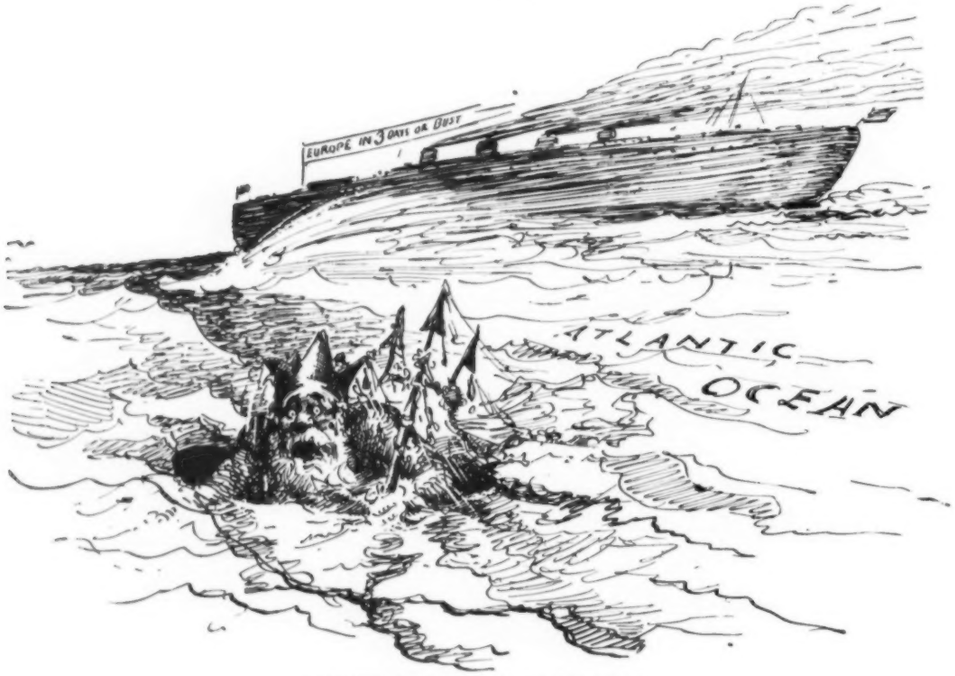
. . .

All honest citizens of whatever political faith will agree to that plank of the Republican platform of New York City which says, "A government is an institution to live under and not on." The fight this fall in New York will be between those who want to live "under" and those who want to live "on" the city administration.

"OH, I LOVE IT!"

. . .

IT NOW looks as though the skin of the Tammany tiger was going to be "thoroughly tanned" at the coming mayoralty election.



FATHER NEPTUNE'S CONCLUSION.
"I 'd better get out of this. I may be run down!"

He 's a hero now.—— ——But wait—he may give it to his wife—— ——and then—

HARKING BACK TO HISTORY—REMEMBER DEWEY.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

A SIX-BEST-SELLER in literature should be careful to avoid being like one of the best cellars of a country house. The latter should always be dry as a bone, but a surfeit of aridity in the former would create a decided drought on royalty day.

We have just received a handsomely printed copy of the Payne Tariff Bill. It is wholly lacking in humor, and proves a heavy tax upon the patience of the reader. We understand that it contains a plot, but after reading it carefully a half dozen times we are forced to admit that it is skillfully concealed. We shall be surprised if this work becomes popular.

A pleasant book for hammock reading by a confirmed sufferer from insomnia is the New York Telephone Book for 1909. It is full of live people and, though lacking in sustained interest, will occupy a leisure half hour without unduly taxing the reader's mind.

A delver into curious and interesting facts has discovered that all the best literature of the English-speaking writers of all time can be found in a single volume, namely, Webster's Dictionary. By a simple rearrangement of the words all the stories of the past can be made to reveal themselves.

An interesting little booklet, entitled A Woman's Check Book, is just received. While it may be said to lack balance, and is in many ways overdrawn, it is full of humorous figures, and demonstrates in an appealing way how much can sometimes be made of nothing if one goes at it with determination. It will incite no little amusement in the financial world.

A well-known English publishing house has recently published some rather clever plays by a young playwright of Stratford-on-Avon, who writes under the name of William Shakespeare. The work shows considerable promise, although the young dramatist appears to have drawn freely, and without acknowledgment, from standard Cyclopedias of Useful Quotations. We shall look for further work from this hand with considerable interest.

The new edition of the Social Register reveals the interesting fact that the New York Four Hundred now number approximately thirty-seven thousand two hundred and eighty-six members. At this rate of increase it is fair to assume that by 1920 the membership will reach the enormous figure of a million and a half, indicating that a wave of social prosperity of great magnitude is sweeping over the country.

The most popular books of last week, as evidenced by the calls at the Carnegie Library, of Togus, Conn., were How To Be an Ambassador to Great Britain on Ten Dollars a Week, The Great Divide: A Series of Extracts from the Check Book of a Tammany Politician; Three Strikes and Out: A Story of To-day, Yesterday and the Day Before, Not To Mention To-morrow, by William Jennings Billikens; the Official Register and Directory of the Women's Clubs of America, and the Tribune Almanac for 1879.

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

THE INCOME TAX.

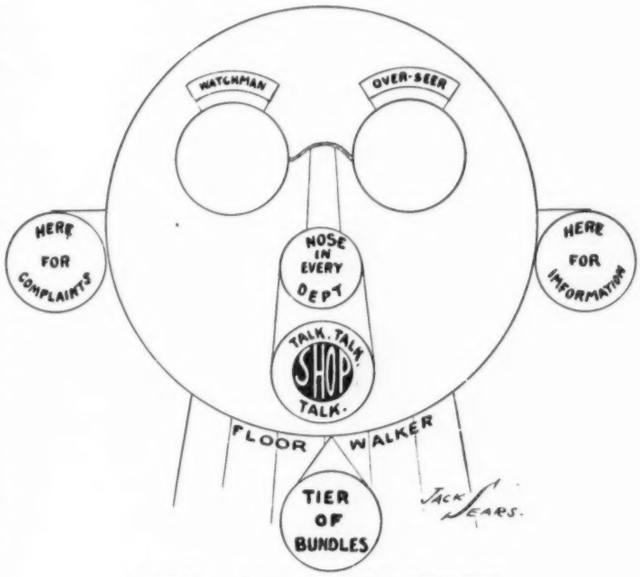
GOOD gracious, how we find it galls!
And doesn't it seem yellow!
Unless, perchance, it only falls
Upon the other fellow.

NO LOSS.

First author—" Do you ever lose any of the MSS. you send out?"
Second author—" No; they all come back."

DR. ELIOT'S SELECTION.

NO WONDER that this list should pain
Our " literary fellers,"
The five-foot shelf does not contain
One of the six best sellers.



A GOOD ALL-AROUND EMPLOYE—
SOME OF THE THINGS HE DOES.

JUDGE'S FAVORITE.

MISS MABEL TALIAFERRO, IN "SPRINGTIME."

All who go to see you
Come back and declare
"You 're the silver lining
Of the clouds of care."

PHILOSOPHY.

THE FLY upon the window pane
Butts his head with little gain.
At least two morals let this teach:
Some things we *see* we cannot reach;
Both real and hard to us may be
A sort of pain we cannot see. TUDOR JENKS.

MOST surgeons indulge in little financial operations on the side.

THE NEW AUTHOR'S QUERY.

AN ASPIRING author, who was a novice at the game, recently sent off an elongated story to a first-class magazine. In less than two weeks the unsophisticated writer was chagrined to see dumped at his door his padded efforts, together with this significant rejection slip:

"Sorry to say that your story is so heavy it made the editor tired."

This information overshooting the mark, the young man at once sat down and indited this sharp exchange:

"Say, Mr. Editor, what have you been doing with my story—carrying it around all day instead of reading it?"

But their correspondence ended there.

Knicker—"There is no use crying over spilt milk."

Bocker—"No; it is more profitable to water the can."

"DON'T YOU WHIP MY DOGGY!"

IMPRESSIONS DIFFER.

Gladys—"Don't you think the captain is very chivalrous? When he left me last evening he pressed his lips to my fingers."

Muriel—"Oh, I don't know. He leaves me with a different impression."

SAME OLD STORY.

LAST year, beneath the silver moon,
He asked the olden question.
Her hand, he vowed, would be a boon—
"Say 'Yes,'" was his suggestion.
And from the bottom of his heart
When love at last unpent it,
He murmured with a lover's art,
He called her "dear"—and meant it.

But yesterday she went downtown
And purchased a new bonnet,
She also bought a dinner gown
With sequins sewed upon it;
In fact, she knew his bank account,
And more than overspent it.
When he had figured the amount,
He called her dear—and meant it.

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

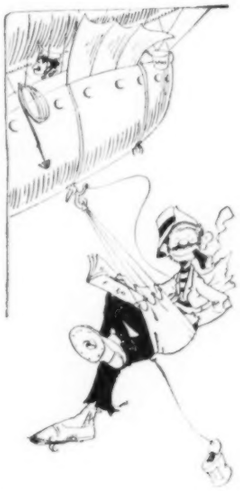
NOTES FROM THE BASSWOOD *BUGLE*.

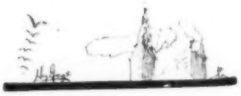
MISS LUCILLE HIGGINS, the prima donna sopranner in our choir at the Hardshell meetin' house, broke the record one day last week. She sang a song into a phonograph.

Last time Ezra Stubbs was down to New York he had a chance to go to "The Devil" for seventy-five cents, but says he kin do it a whole lot cheaper right here to hum.

Luke Bibbins has got a fine excuse for not goin' to church, as his wife is usin' his Sunday suspenders for a spring for the screen door. Luke says that it requires quite a bit of diplomacy when a feller is carryin' a watermelon under one arm and a crate of eggs under the other, and his galusses bust. ROY K. MOULTON.

THE up-to-date girl often keeps a fellow behind with his board bill.





"TRAMPING AIN'T WOT IT USETER WAS—THANK GOODNESS!"

IN BOYVILLE.

The goose—" Honk, honk!"
Little Johnny—" I say, you might think you're an automobile, but you ain't."

A CORRECT GUESS

She—" Your brother is a writer, isn't he?"
He—" Yes."
She—" What does he write for?"
He—" Goodness only knows! I guess it 's a disease."

REFLECTIONS OF UNCLE EZRA.

THE FELLER that invents a mousetrap that will ketch mice has got it all over the feller which invents an airship that won't fly.

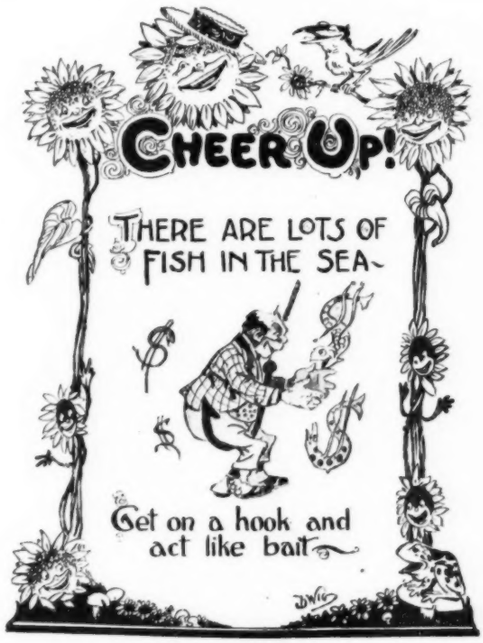
Home used to be where the heart was, but now it is where the fireless cooker, the phonograph and installment collector is.

Many an honest heart beats beneath a ragged jacket and many a dollar watch ticks beneath a dress suit.

Old Cal Higgins believes in havin' reg'lar habits. He gets full every night without fail.

Any feller that will pay two dollars for havin' a mainspring put in a dollar watch ain't got no business bein' at large. Fust thing you know he will be buyin' a pianner on the installment plan.

Old Hi Hardscrabble, our banker, says the feller that invented the phonograph was quite a genius, and the feller that invented the fireless cooker is another, and, also, the feller that invented eight per cent. interest ain't nobody's dang fool nuther.



The underhand methods of some baseball pitchers passes all understandin'.

It ain't no snap to keep summer boarders. It is easy enough to get 'em to come, but to make 'em stay is another matter.

Sunbunnits is a great leveler, and you can't tell your wife from the hired girl when they have got 'em on. At least that was Hank Peters's defense in the divorce court.

Ez Renfrew says it is true that life is just one thing after another. A life-insurance agent has been after him for nineteen years.

It is gettin' so that nobody wears plug hats but Governors and corn doctors.

Taft is goin' to take a flyin' trip through the West. By gravy! it will take quite a good-sized airship to tote him around.

Jed Purdy is so lazy that the only job he would take would be that of lineman for a wireless-telegraph company or coal heaver on a gasoline launch.

R. K. M.

UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE

" You say he goes up like that every day?"
" No; every other day he comes down."

POETS.

POETS are born, not made," which may explain why the supply exceeds the demand. If poets were manufactured, we would levy a tariff duty on all imported bards, in order to protect our infant poet industry from the pauper poets of Europe. Poets need protection, anyway—especially from editors who wear heavy-soled shoes.

There are several varieties of poet, including the wild poet, the tame poet, the near-poet and the poetess. The poetess is also born, but she won't tell you when—not even if you should ask her. She has soulful eyes and a vocabulary that you cannot understand until you get into the Sixth Reader. Then you will know what the words mean, but you will never know what she means.

The near-poet is born with the inclination of a poet and the disposition of a parrot, and writes poetry by the simplified method. He hasn't any license to be a poet, but he takes more poetic license than any other kind. A real poet can write poetry that others cannot understand, but a near-poet perpetrates rhymes he himself doesn't understand. That is why he is a poet-almost.

The wild poet wears his clothing somewhat dishabille and his hair à la Buffalo Bill. He is proud and haughty. He lives near to nature, but it would be better if he lived near a laundry. Don't go near his cage—he has a bad look in his eye.

The tame poet is the most civilized of all bards and is not considered dangerous—even when at large. His neighbors will tell you that he is "perfectly harmless." He spells damn d——n, and won't insist on reading you his poems—if you tell him you don't want to hear them.

Poesy is a poor trade to adopt, for it has never been unionized; and, like sin, the wages are death—by starvation. Poets are usually crippled financially, subjected to crippled feet and suspected of being crippled in the head. If you are born a poet, keep it dark and get a job as a plumber.

W. B. KERR.

AN INSULT.

Uncle Silas—"This is a great city, Henry, but they do have some awful poor help in some places here."

Nephew—"What's the trouble?"

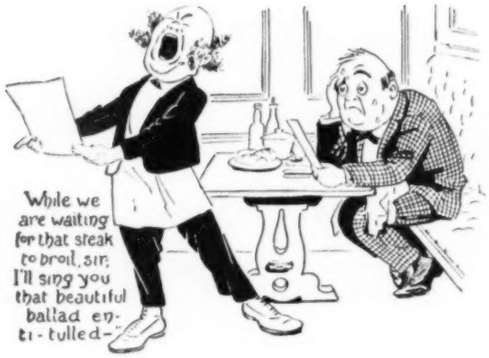
Uncle Silas—"That girl that answers your telephone thinks this is a jail, I guess. I was just talking into the blamed thing and told her I was Si Hollins, of Dobbin's Center, and afore I could tell her what I wanted she yelled, 'Number, please,' at me, just as if I was some low-lying convict!"

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE A STAGE.

"Your breakfast is served, sir."

"Message for you, sir."

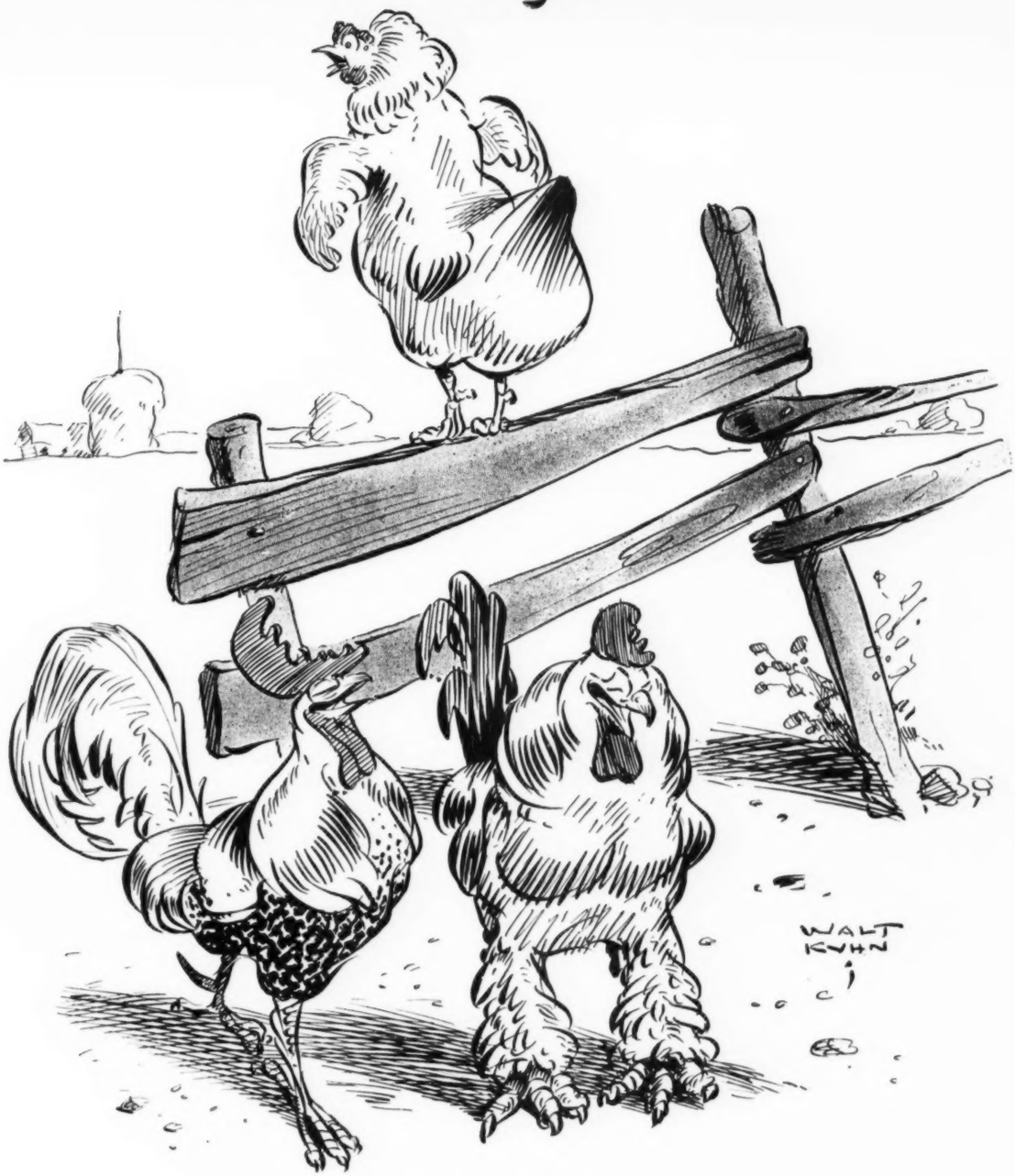
"You rang for the bookkeepers, sir?"



While we are waiting for that steak to broil, sir, I'll sing you that beautiful ballad en-ti-tulled—"

"Hello, Billiken who was it I seen you down street with?"

"Get to bed, you old fool, and stop snoring over that theatrical page!"



ANIMAL NATURE SAME THE WORLD OVER.
"Ha, ha ha! What do you think of the old suffragette trying to crow!"

AT LAST.

PERPETUAL motion 's here.
Yes! it 's come.
Just watch a dainty little dear
Chewing gum.

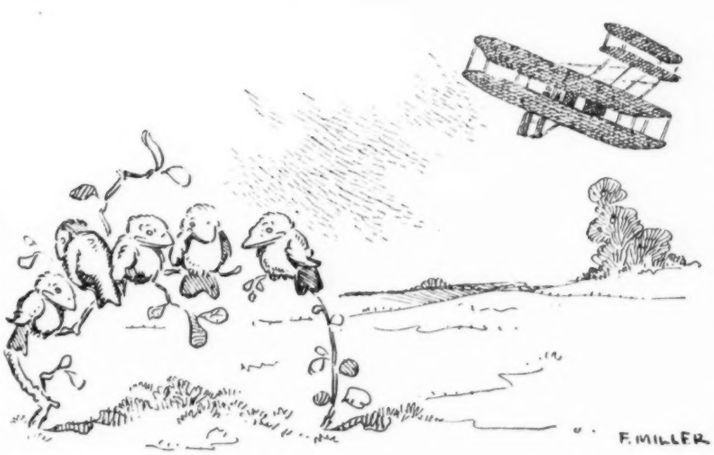
LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.

"THAT fellow over there makes little things count, I tell you!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes; he teaches arithmetic to the high-school freshman class."

LET HUSBANDS be warned in time, now that Christmas is not far off. Already the writer has detected several married women gazing in at cigar-store windows.



CAUGHT ON THE WING.
"The human race is still in its infancy."
"Sure! Just learning to use its wings."

CONCENTRATION.

"MY DAUGHTER," says the first mother proudly, "is the most popular girl in town. Why, we counted them up one day, and she has no less than fifty-three gentlemen admirers. Isn't that splendid! It must seem so very different to have a daughter like your Irene, who has but the one suitor."

"Yes," crisply retorts the other mother; "but I would beg you to remember that my daughter has landed her one beau, while your daughter is wondering which of the fifty-three is coming to the point."

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Hey diddle diddle, the cat
The cow jumped over
The little dog laughed to
That the dish ran away

e diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
w jumped over the moon.
dog laughed to see such sport
e dish ran away with the spoon.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE HUDSON.

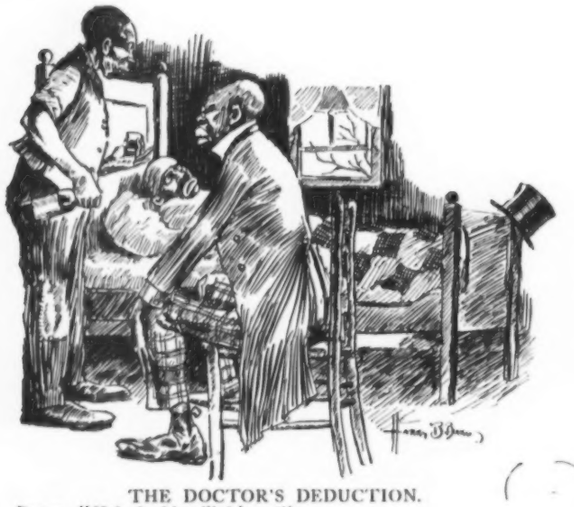
IT IS the great public interest in the noble river discovered by Hendrick Hudson some three hundred years ago that justifies us in presenting the following interesting facts concerning this mighty stream:

Although it is scarcely noticeable to the naked eye, the Hudson River flows down hill all the way from its source to the sea. In this respect it strongly resembles the Danube the Nile and, strange to say, the Ganges.

The river is confined on both sides by banks—not savings banks or national banks, but plain river banks—in which, with almost human intelligence, the stream has been making deposits for centuries. These deposits are not financial, however, but alluvial, and are seldom overdrawn.

The water of the Hudson River is consistently wet from source to mouth, even in the dryest seasons. At the source it is clear and free from foreign substances, but in the vicinity of New York it shows traces of salt, barrel staves, retired vegetables and McAdoo tunnels. It should not be drunk in the latter condition without filtering, since it might prove deleterious to one's health to swallow a tunnel or a barrel stave inadvertently.

The moral character of rivers has never been a subject of inquiry, but it is an interesting fact that of three chips thrown into the Hudson at Albany, a chip of wood and a Saratoga chip floated triumphantly upon the surface, while a poker chip sank immediately out of sight and has never since been seen. This appears to be a most significant indication of the river's tendency along ethical lines.



THE DOCTOR'S DEDUCTION.

Doctor—"Hab she bin ailin' long?"
Husband—"Yes, sah, doctah. She hab had fits ob de *blues* fo' gwine on ah week."
Doctor—"Den if dat am ah fac' she mus' hab indigogestion."

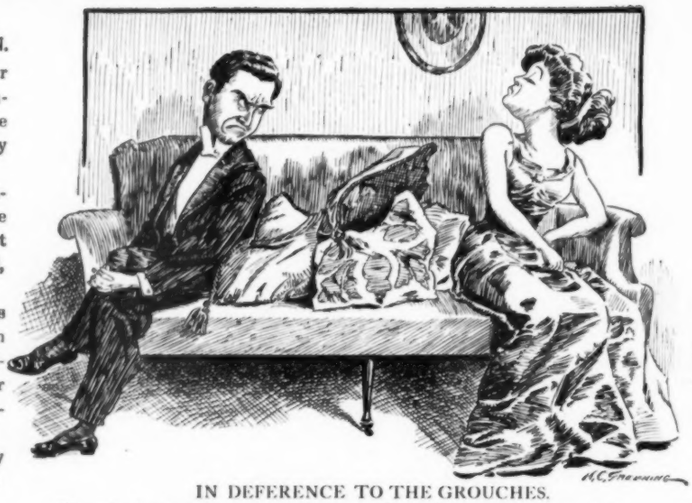
There are several large public institutions upon the banks of the Hudson, notably the New York State Legislature at Albany and the penitentiary at Sing Sing. Neither of these, however, has yet been known to affect the general character of the river, which is in the main placid, pure, and aboveboard.

The only serious defect in the Hudson River is that the Palisades seriously interfere with the view of Paterson, N. J., which might otherwise be had from the east bank.

The health of the Hudson is beyond all criticism, scientific investigators having discovered that, while its bed is very damp, the river has never yet shown any signs of influenza, rheumatism or other disorders arising from the use of wet sheets. This is regarded by those who know as a sign of great vigor.

While the Hudson has never gone especially into any one kind of business, it has floated a large number of steamship companies and has materially aided several cities to solve the serious problem of sewage disposal by acting as a common carrier of their by-products to the sandy shores of the Atlantic coast.

An attempt was made in 1817 to divert the Hudson from the Atlantic Ocean into Lake Erie by building a canal through the Mohawk valley, but the inadequacy of the pumping stations at that point frustrated the effort to deprive the lower regions of the State of their riparian rights, and the sole result of the conspiracy has been to tap the interior lakes of a water supply which might otherwise have gone to keep Niagara among the great cataracts of the world, instead of degenerating into a big bluff.



IN DEFERENCE TO THE GROUCHES.

There isn't any joke to this picture. The only reason we print it is because it is so different from the usual stranglehold ones we've been running.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

THERE was a man in our town
Who hunted for the Pole,
But another fellow came long
And reached the long-sought goal.

And when he found the Pole was found,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into his arctic togs
And discovered it again.

ELLIS O. JONES.

EVIDENCE OF FAITH.

Mrs. Brooke—"Have you any faith in life insurance?"

Mrs. Lynne—"Yes, indeed; I've realized one hundred thousand dollars from two husbands, and they weren't very good ones, either."

A DULL scholar often shines in society.

A MAN'S REASON.

Miss Bronx—"Why do you want to marry me?"
Mr. Harlem—"Because I love you."
Miss Bronx—"Why do you love me?"
Mr. Harlem—"Because I want to marry you."

Red Feathers Shed by the Purple Hen

HE LIVED THERE, ALL RIGHT.

AN ANXIOUS father got wind of the rumor that his son was leading rather a convivial life at college. But the son strenuously denied the charge in letters to his father. Still unsatisfied, the father made an unexpected visit to his son's lodging-place, and giving the bell a manly pull was met by a grim-faced landlady. There was a little delay, but presently the door opened.

"Does Mr. James Smith live here?" asked the father.

"He does," replied the landlady. "Bring him right in."

LIFE IN A FLAT.

"Hello, Tom, old man, got your new flat fitted up yet?"

"Not quite," answered the friend. "Say, do you know where I can buy a folding toothbrush?"

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

Miss Bronx—"Jack is a nice boy, but I can't marry him. I wish he would forget all about me."

Mr. Harlem—"Just lend him some money and he will."

COULDN'T BLAME THE FISH.

A broad-minded Presbyterian dominie, whose parish was near the headwaters of the Susquehanna, had among his parishioners a character who was more punctual at the fishing-hole down by the river than he was at church on Sundays. Bright and early one Monday morning this Sabbath fisherman called the preacher to the door and presented him with a very fine and tempting string of pickerel. The dominie was very profuse with his thanks for a gift that was indeed welcomed.

"But, look here, parson," said the man, still retaining the fish, "those fish were caught yisterday, and maybe your conscience won't let ye eat 'em."

"Never mind that," and the dominie stretched out his hand for the string, "there's one thing certain, the pickerel were not to blame."

HE HAD ONE QUESTION.

Three men had come to see a prosperous shoe manufacturer of Rhode Island. He had invited them to go over his new factory. The day was warm, and one of the guests was stout. At the factory they took an elevator to the top of the building, the seventh floor, where the cutting was done. Mr. Blank then conducted his guests through the factory, following the course that a pair of shoes would take in the process of making. When the party at last reached the first floor the stout man wiped his heated face and turned to his host.

"There is one question, Mr. Blank, that I should like to ask."

"And what is that, sir?"

"I should like to know if we are still in the State of Rhode Island?"

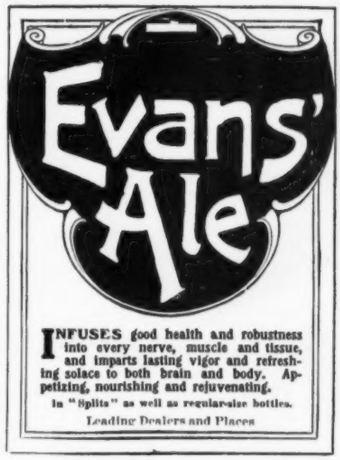
JUST A STARTER.

A crotchety old farmer had trouble with his neighbor, and as a result sought his counsel.

"I want yeow ter write him a letter an' tell him this here foolishness hez got ter stop," he declared firmly. "I know what I want ter say, but I ain't got the larnin' ter put it just right."

"What do you want to say?" the lawyer asked.

"Wa-al, begin by tellin' him thet he's the durndest, lyin'est, thievin'est, low-downest skunk on airth—and then work up."



DID AS SHE WAS TOLD.

"Now remember, Mary," the teacher said just before the school exercises, "if you forget some of the words when you are singing your song, don't stop. Keep right on. Say tum-tum-tummy-tum, or something like that, and the words will come back to you and nobody will know the difference. Now don't forget."

On exhibition day little Mary electrified her audience with

". . . and she wears a wreath of roses
Around her tummy-tum-tum."

THE BARBER'S BEST JOB.

"What was the best job you ever did?" inquired the first barber.

"I once shaved a man," replied the second barber.

"Go on."

"Then I persuaded him to have a haircut, shampoo, facial massage, singe, sea-foam, electric buzz, tar spray and tonic rub."

"W t then?"

"By that time he needed another sha. ."

A FROZEN SNOWBALL FROM "LIFE."

Taking Dr. Cook's veracity at Commander Peary's valuation, still it compares very well with Commander Peary's manners.

FOOD QUESTION

SETTLED WITH PERFECT SATISFACTION BY A DYSPEPTIC.

It's not an easy matter to satisfy all the members of the family at meal time as every housewife knows.

And when the husband has dyspepsia and can't eat the simplest ordinary food without causing trouble, the food question becomes doubly annoying.

An Illinois woman writes:

"My husband's health was poor, he had no appetite for anything I could get for him, it seemed.

"He was hardly able to work, was taking medicine continually, and as soon as he would feel better would go to work again only to give up in a few weeks. He suffered severely with stomach trouble.

"Tired of everything I had been able to get for him to eat, one day seeing an advertisement about Grape-Nuts, I got some and he tried it for breakfast the next morning.

"We all thought it was pretty good although we had no idea of using it regularly. But when my husband came home at night he asked for Grape-Nuts.

"It was the same next day and I had to get it right along, because when we would get to the table the question, 'Have you any Grape-Nuts?' was a regular thing. So I began to buy it by the dozen packages.

"My husband's health began to improve right along. I sometimes felt offended when I'd make something I thought he would like for a change, and still hear the same old question, 'Have you any Grape-Nuts?'

"He got so well that for the last two years he has hardly lost a day from his work, and we are still using Grape-Nuts." Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

CORDIAL FEELINGS.

In the private ward of a hospital there was recently a testy old millionaire whose case gave his physician considerable difficulty at first.

"Well," asked the crusty patient one morning, "how do you find me this morning?"

"You're getting on fine," responded the doctor, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction. "Your legs are still swollen, but that doesn't trouble me."

"Of course it doesn't!" howled the old man. "And let me tell you this, if your legs were swollen it wouldn't trouble me either!"

CAT CAME BACK.

Servant (who has been sent to chastise a stray cat for stalking chickens)—"I—couldn't—catch 'im—mum—for the nearer I—got to 'im—the further 'e got away."

—*London Punch.*

Enjoy a Personally Conducted Tour by—

Illustrations by

James Montgomery Flagg

If You Haven't Read

Nervy Nat's Adventures

you've missed a good share of life's fun. He insists upon getting into scrapes. Can't help himself. And you're glad he can't, for it's a pile of fun to watch his maneuvers. He laughs his way into your affections by his colossal nerve.

85c

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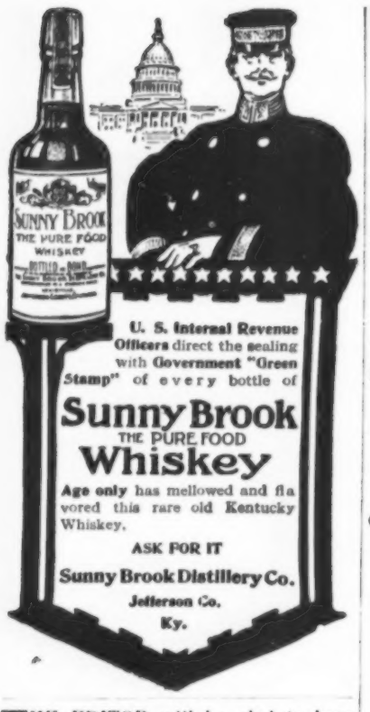
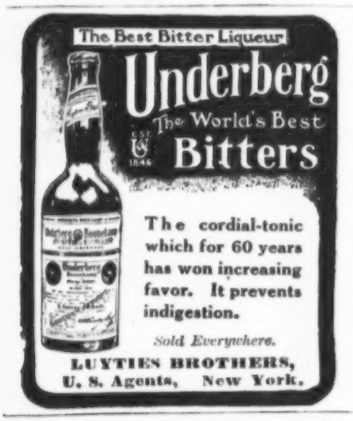
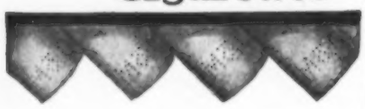


THE EDITOR will be glad to hear from subscribers or others who have the following issues of JUDGE to spare. If the same are untorn and in condition for binding, with no pages missing, we shall be glad to allow a cash price of fifteen cents for each copy: February 9, 1895, October 30, 1897, and February 24, September 8, 1900.



Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON Cigarettes



Noblesse oblige—
you'll smoke them!

CAMBRIDGE regular size 25c.
AMBASSADOR after-dinner size 35c.

"The Little Brown Box"

AWARDS
Tree Puzzle Contest

(See Issue of Judge for August 21st, 1909)

1. Willow *4. Pear*
2. Cedar *5. Elm*
3. Sycamore *6. Pears' Soap*

The award of prizes made in accordance with the conditions printed in JUDGE for August 21st, 1909, is as follows:

FIRST PRIZE
$5.00
Awarded to
G. H. Bahlman, secretary Y. M. C. A., Marietta, O.

SECOND PRIZE
$1.00
Awarded to each of the following:
Rev. C. I. Junkin, Devon, Pa.
Adelaide Hyde, Cincinnati, O.
J. Neaderhouser, Colorado Springs, Col.
Mrs. W. J. Harper, North Vernon, Ind.
Lindley M. Reith, Woodland, Cal.

THIRD PRIZE
A year's subscription to JUDGE'S LIBRARY
Awarded to each of the following:
W. A. Poyck, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
R. E. McClure, Oklahoma City, Okla.
William A. Barnett, Du Quoin, Ill.
Claudia Pinckney, Charleston, S. C.
Walter Daniel, Amarillo, Tex.
Lucie Wicks, Utica, N. Y.
Guy F. O. Hollyday, Baltimore, Md.
Alice G. Hiles, Willink, N. Y.
William Baumgartner, Toledo, O.
Mrs. A. Bernhardt, Pleasureville, Ky.
J. Sloan Robert, East Sebago, Me., Camp Kahzaer-Nah.
George Whitinger, Knightstown, Ind.
Harold Humphrey, Minneapolis, Minn.
George J. Crumps, Jr., Wenoka, Okla.
O. S. Nietzler, Williamsport, Pa.
Mrs. Burtis Knox, Elmira, N. Y.
Benjamin Heer, Winona, Minn.
William R. Crow, Centralia, Ill.
Stella Mills, San Antonio, Tex.
Arthur J. Singer, Albany, N. Y.

FOURTH PRIZE
A year's subscription to SIS HOPKINS' MONTHLY
Awarded to each of the following:
Ernest Dill, New York, N. Y.
James Walker, New York, N. Y.
E. A. Snyder, Urbana, Ill.
John N. Kolb, Elizabeth, N. J.
T. E. Chilton, Pittsburgh, Pa.
J. M. Shawhan, Seattle, Wash.
Mildred Kellerman, Philadelphia, Pa.
Albert O. Vorse, Lewisburg, Pa.
A. S. Armstrong, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
J. C. Ross, Cleveland, O.
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M. W. Lenfestey, Aztec, N. Mex.
Elizabeth O'Donnell, St. Louis, Mo.
Losi Parsons, St. Paul, Minn.
C. H. Meiers, Ames, Ia.
Leonia W. Megaw, Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Josiah Kowal Flint, Bridgeport, Conn.
C. C. McIlvaine, New Orleans, La.

A FAST COLOR.

The customer—"Can you recommend these complexion powders?"
The chemist—"Well, madam, I can't say that they will wash like the natural complexion, but they won't rub off on a coat-sleeve."
—*London Sketch.*

BREEZY STORIES.

"Did you ever read 'The Flatiron Building'?"
"No."
"You ought to; there are a number of good stories in it."—*University of Texas Coyote.*

The chief objection to being a good citizen is how unpopular it makes you.

Every lover of a good cocktail should call for Abbott's Bitters. Makes the best.

WHY TEDDY LIKES THE STORK.

Jolly—"Why are high tariff and stork such pals?"
Cholly—"Give up."
Jolly—"They both keep up the infant industries."—*University of Texas Coyote.*

In Winter
IT'S A COLD
In Summer
IT'S BOWEL COMPLAINT

Be good to your poor old stomach these hot days and restless nights. Don't ask it to assimilate raw, rank, nondescript whiskies. Give it good pure, gentle old

I.W. HARPER
FIRST AID TO DIGESTION

LAUGH WITH
SIS HOPKINS'
HER OWN BOOK
10 CENTS 10
ALL NEWS-STANDS

Pears'
cleanses thoroughly, soothing and freshening the skin.
Pears' is pure soap of gentle character.
Sold everywhere.

Instead of Candy

Why Not

By James Montgomery Flagg.

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"AWAITING YOUR REPLY"

In 50-cent size, 11 x 14 inches.
In $1.00 size, 14½ x 20 inches.

Remember Her

By James Montgomery Flagg.

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"PLEASE FIND ENCLOSED"

Size, 14 x 16, in sepia.
50 cents.

With One of These?

By George Reiter Brill.

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Size, 8 x 11.
Sepia, 25 cents. Hand-colored, 50 cents.

Will mail the above, with your card, on request.
We have other "Quality Prints" that you may like better. A two-cent stamp will bring circular.

LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY
225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas told to me."

HOW ROEBOTTOM WORKED.

FRANK W. AYER, the advertising agent, at the dinner in Philadelphia, in honor of his firm's fortieth anniversary, said that to succeed in advertising required hard work.

"The successes in this business are stupendous," he said," but some folks think that working as Roebottom, of Camden, worked, a man can build up a great advertising fortune.

"Roebottom was a roofer. He was engaged on a Mickle Street house. One day, as he was lunching, he was heard to give a yell of pain.

"'What's the matter, Roebottom?' a carpenter asked.

"'I got a nail in my foot,' the roofer answered.

"'Well, why don't you pull it out?' said the carpenter.

"'What! In my dinner hour?' yelled Roebottom reproachfully."

Jimmy Reynolds has been telling me about," interposed the Senator as Editor Moses was introducing himself. "I feel that I know you well already."

"Yes," responded the new minister to Greece, "Jimmy is showing real appreciation for past favors. I used to translate his Greek for him at Dartmouth."

BEVERIDGE'S LATEST.

Senator Beveridge was criticising the ludicrous speeches of a certain upright, but hot-headed congressman.

"He does make queer blunders, doesn't he?" said Senator Beveridge. "Have you heard his latest.

"Well, it seems that a constituent, visiting him recently, complained of the shabbiness of a pair of ink-stained crash trousers that he had on.

"'A man of your position,' said the constituent reproachfully, 'ought to wear handsomer trousers than those.'

"The congressman, offended, answered reproachfully.

"'My trousers may be shabby, but they cover a warm and honest heart.'"

SMOOTH WATERS.

The boy—"Have yer caught anything, zur?"
The angler—"No, not yet, my lad."
The boy—"Ah, I thought not. There weren't no water in that pond till it rained last night."—*London Punch.*

HAD HIS MEASURE RIGHT.

The infidel often finds his match in some of the old-school preachers. An old veteran of the cloth one day listened to an unusually blatant infidel asserting his disbelief in God, when he at last said to him,

"Yes, yes; I've read all about you, sir, a good many times."

"Where, pray?" the infidel asked in delighted surprise.

"In the Bible that you affect to despise. It says, 'The fool hath said, there is no God.'"

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

In Boston the following story is told of Editor George H. Moses, of the Concord *Monitor*, the new resident minister to Greece.

He called around at Senator Lodge's office the other day. The Senator is a leading member of foreign relations and is a good man for a minister plenipotentiary to know.

"Oh, you are the Greek scholar

POSSIBLE BUT NOT PROBABLE.

Wife—"In a battle of tongues a woman can hold her own."

Husband—"M—yes, p'r'aps she can; but she never does."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Are YOU Earning $100.00 per Week?

If not, you *can*. Thousands of Traveling Salesmen earn double or treble that, and all their expenses besides. We teach them how. If you don't believe it, let us prove how we do it. Over half a million are employed in the United States and Canada, and the demand exceeds the supply. Scores of famous and wealthy men, such as Marshall Field, the great Chicago merchant, got their start by selling goods on the road. Salesmanship is the most independent, pleasant, well paid profession in the world, and you do not need to have any former experience to enter it. We will teach you in a few weeks by mail to be a high-grade salesman, and through our famous

Free Employment Bureau

we will assist you to secure a good position. We have assisted thousands of men to secure good positions or better salaries, hundreds of them who had no former experience as salesmen, and who formerly earned from $40 to $75 a month have since earned from $100 to $500 a month, and some of them even more than that.

We have also helped thousands of experienced salesmen to secure better positions and salaries. Hundreds of good positions are now open. If you are ambitious and want to enter a profession where there is no limit to what you can earn, our free book "A Knight of the Grip" will show you how, write our nearest office for it today.

Address Dept. 457 National Salesmen's Training Association
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Beware of Imitations
of the fasteners men swear by, not at look for name **Washburne** Pat. Imp. **Fasteners** stamped on the genuine

The genuine Washburne Fasteners are **Little but never let go**
Comfort to men in their use

Key Chains 25c
Scarf Holders 10c
Cuff Holders 20c
Bachelor Buttons 10c

Catalogue Free Sold Everywhere Sent Prepaid

Look for the Name Washburne
AMERICAN RING COMPANY, Dept. 102, Waterbury, Conn.

Cook Made Discoveries 50 Years Ago

When Dr. Cook recites his story of the North Pole, we shall doubtless hear a wondrous tale of hardship and hunger and suffering and see a most hearty welcome accorded him by American citizens.

Fifty years ago another Cook made a discovery that's greatly appreciated today by the American people generally – Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

Without doubt, the hearty cheering toasts to Dr. Cook, the explorer, will be drunk with all the more appreciation if the tinkling glasses are filled to the brim with the Champagne of Cook, his namesake.

One of the sidelights of the welcome home to Dr. Cook, one that demonstrates the American advertising spirit of the day, is that the makers of Cook's Imperial Champagne are exhibiting a float on the streets of Greater New York, depicting Dr. Cook's adventures in the far North wherein he is supposed to be cooling Champagne on a floating field of ice.

Fortunate it is, indeed, for Americans, that no such desperate means of cooling Cook's Imperial is necessary.

THE Keeley Cure

For Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 29 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark.
Denver, Col.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C., 211 N. Capitol St.
Dwight, Ill.
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Lexington, Mass.
Portland, Me
Grand Rapids, Mich. 265 S. College Ave.
Kansas City, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
Manchester, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
White Plains, N. Y
Columbus, O.
Portland, Ore.
Philadelphia, Pa. 812 N. Broad St.
Pittsburg, Pa. 4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I
Toronto, Ont., Canada
Winnipeg, Manitoba.
London, England.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water."

Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. City.

REFLECTED HUMOR

FALSE ECONOMY.

The passenger (to the owner)—"I tell you, sir, I would give twenty pounds to be out of this car."

The jovial owner—"You stick to your money, old man. If the railway gates at the foot of this hill are closed, it won't cost you a cent."
—*London Sketch.*

JUST AS GOOD.

She—"Oh, George, you've broken your promise!"

The cheerful one—"Never mind, dearie; I'll make you another!"—*Comic Cuts.*

Take Abbott's Bitters before meals. A great aid to digestion. Wine merchants and druggists.

NO MORE.

I played with Maude in days of yore,
When bridge became her craze;
But now I play with her no more—
She has such winning ways!—*Ex.*

TWO HITS TO SPARE.

The late Colonel Rossington, of beloved memory, used to tell a story of a baseball game played in Topeka once between the married men and the bachelors.

A man named Flood came to the bat. The pitcher put over a straight one and Flood knocked the ball over the fence.

Instead of starting for the first base, Flood braced himself and stood stock still.

"Run, you idiot!" screamed the spectators. "Run! Why in blazes don't you run?"

"Run?" calmly queried Flood. "What would I run for? I've got two more clouts at it."—*Stanford University Chaparral.*

STOP!

"Oh, stay!" she cried;
"Stay by my side."
And the stay stayed. Cor-set did!—*University of Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

It takes only about ten minutes to find in others the faults we can't discover in ourselves in a lifetime.—*N. Y. Press.*

MANUSCRIPTS "EAST AND WEST."

WEST.

Declined with thanks. MSS. returned herewith.

EAST.

To the most worshipful and highly honorable son of ten million ancestors, greeting and prostrations. The microscopic earth-sprawling worm in whose unworthy hands the guidance of this despicable rag is confided by the too foolish ones in authority grovels before your divine genius, and prays again your genial acceptance of the heaven-inspired clothing of your supremely magnificent thoughts. The miserable reptile trembles at the honoring of his insignificant ink smear by your lordship's offer, and, kowtowing at your monumental eminence's gracious toes, restores to your springlike verdantness the writing. He whispers that the august publication of your potentiality's thoughts, born in a moment, to live eternally, is beyond his powers, and restores that which his eyes may not read and be unblinded, and which his purse may not purchase, more precious than the Emperor's treasure before the coming of the foreign devil.

FAR WEST.

If you are the cowardly skunk what keeps piling all-fired poetry like this, under the Judas cloak of "Poeta Amorosa," in at our back window at printing time when we ain't looking, we will be obliged by your calling here to tote the bag of rubbish away; failing which, we will rip the hide from your leprous frame and send an edition of books of your ravings bound in it to your widder.

Silas T. Toots,
Editor *Bludso Bugle.*

R. W. SNEDDON.

TO BELINDA.

Belinda is the village belle,
Her beauty has no ‖.

Her charming manner is perfection,
There's no one like her in this §.

I wonder would she think me rash
If after her I made a —,

And with a manner suave and bland
I frankly asked her for her ☞ ?

Then if I murmured, "Tell me, dearie,"
Would she say "Yes," unto my ?

And yet—Belinda's tongue's so brisk,
I fear I'd be an *.
—*Carolyn Wells in Harper's Weekly.*

A COLD PROPOSAL.

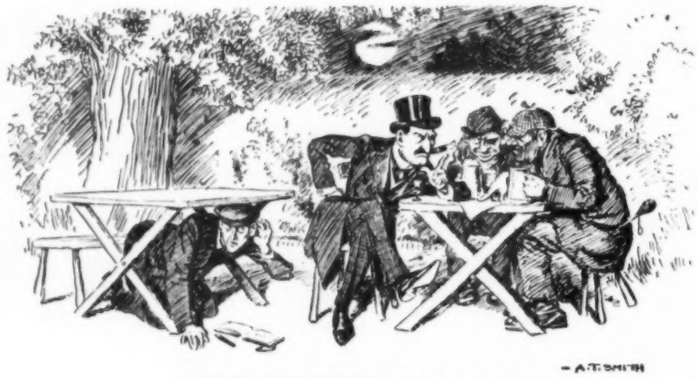
North Pole (to Cook)—"This is so sudden."

Cook (to the North Pole)—"The pleasure is mine."—*Life.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

He—"I was right, but I suppose I'd better give in."

She—"I was wrong, but it won't do to admit it."—*Red Hen.*



ANOTHER SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Absent-minded detective—"Speak up, please!"
—*London Punch.*

The Voice of Reason
"Drink it for Health and Contentment"
Always the Same Good Old Blatz
First in Quality and Character
Remember The A Label
BLATZ BEER
MILWAUKEE
Order a case sent home
Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet
Insist on "Blatz."
Correspondence invited direct.
VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

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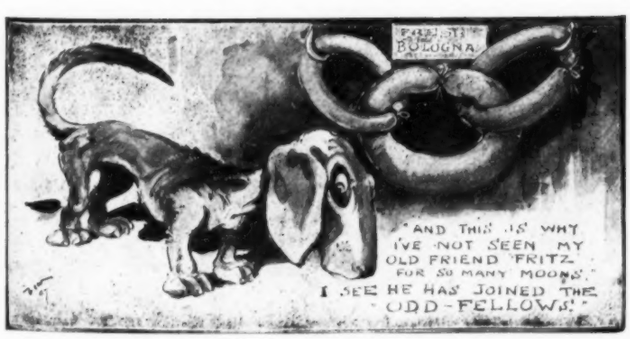
JUDGE'S LIBRARY
10c. Any Newsdealer 10c.

Imported from Germany

1. *Policeman*—"Very well; if you won't come down, I'll sit down and read my paper."

2. *Tramp* (three hours later)—"If you are through with the paper, drop it up to me." —*Fliegende Blaetter.*

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ME?



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Catalog of Attractive Prints Sent upon Receipt of 10 Cents.

LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY

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Wholesale trade supplied by the W. R. Anderson Co., 32 Union Square, New York.

CAP AND GOWN SMILES

THE MAN WITH THE BAT.

(With apologies to Edwin Markham.)

Bowed by the weight of mighty deeds to do,
He stands up to the plate and looks ahead,
A sturdy shaft of oak within his hand
And at his back the catcher and his mitt.
What makes him dead to rapture and to joy,
His face white marble chiseled for the tomb?
What cruel fate weighs sadly on his mind?
What cause has turned him to this effigy?
But, hark! in Stentor tones we hear the words
That issue from the lips of him who stands
In iron pose behind the pitcher's box:
"Strike one! Ball one! Ball two! Strike two! Ball three!"
And yonder, eager for the sharp-heard crack
That tells the bat has met the ball and hit—
A lead of five good feet beyond the sack
That marks third base—a runner stands and waits;
And near the second slab, and likewise first,
Two others, clad in white and lettered "T,"
Await the answer to the pitcher's curve.
Beyond the lines, the scoreboard, black and white,
Is marked by naughts up to the inning ninth;
And as we linger near we hear the man
Who stands there at the plate with fevered brow
Open his parched and trembling lips to ask,
"How many gone?" Then hears in agony,
"Two down!" Then, holding up his bat once more,
Looks at the pitcher, wondering how on earth
He'll ever manage to connect his bat
With what the artist of the firing line
Is dishing out in curves, and so bring in
The needed run. I tell you it is h——l!

—*University of Texas Coyote.*

COFFEE IN ENGLAND.

It was his first morning in London "apartments," and his landlady came up with the breakfast, and as he began the meal she opened a slight conversation.

"It looks like rain," she said.

"It does," replied the American; "but it smells rather like coffee."—*Purple Cow.*

THE ADVANTAGE.

Friend—"Why do you encourage these woman's suffrage meetings? Surely you don't approve of them?"

Husband—"Approve? With all my heart! I can come home as late as I like now without finding my wife at home to ask me questions."—*Independent.*

IN A DRY STATE.

Tourist—"Is it true that no drinking is permitted on the passenger trains in this State?"

The depot master—"It's true."

Tourist—"What time does the next freight train leave?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The reason the baby picks out the middle of the night to yell is its proud father wouldn't believe it if it was in the daytime when he was at the office. —*New York Press.*

The Truth

Can be told about

Great Western Champagne

—the Standard of American Wines

There is nothing to conceal in its production. It is Pure Grape Juice, fermented and aged to exact perfection for healthfulness, possessing the bouquet and flavor that connoisseurs desire.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,

Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

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Stop at the

Hotel Ponce de Leon and Annex

when at

Atlantic City,

Virginia Ave. and the Beach.

The Hotel Ponce de Leon is newly furnished throughout with rare taste, and possesses all modern requisites for convenience and comfort of guests.

HOT AND COLD SEA WATER BATHS.

European and American Plan.

A booklet will be gladly furnished on application.

Rates, running from $12.50 to $30.00 per week, according to location of the rooms.

Official Hotel American Motor League and the International Automobile League.

Garage Capacity, 200 Machines.

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

-MADE AT KEY WEST-

HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS

of Canadians think Gooderham & Worts "Special" is the best whiskey made. Millions in the United States have not even tried it. United States stock carried in the warehouses of Messrs. Wakem & McLaughlin, Chicago, Illinois.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS

PAPER WAREHOUSE

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NEW PRINTS FOR YOU

Ten cents will bring catalog of new pictures by Flagg, Monahan, King, etc.

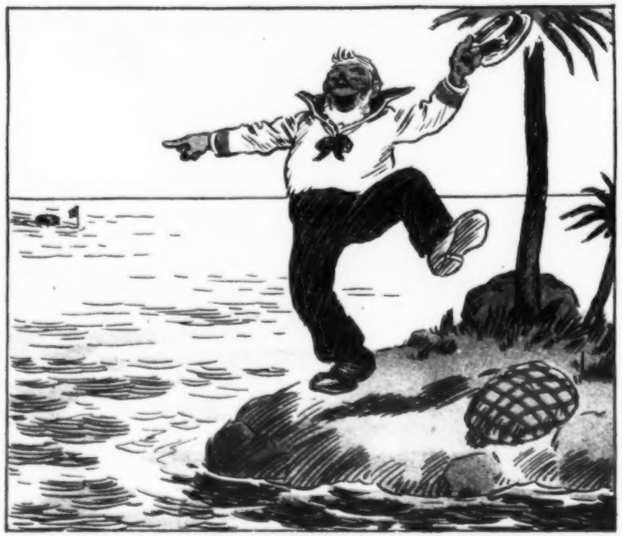
LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY

225 Fifth Avenue, New York

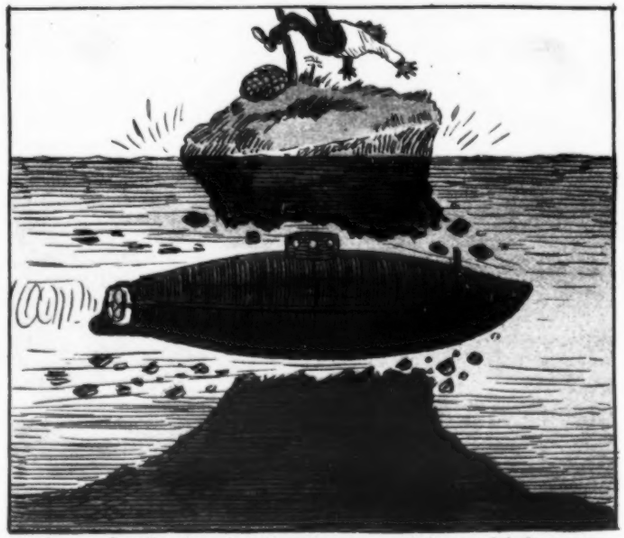
Judge

THE YARNS OF CAPTAIN FIBB

1. "It's a strange tale, but I've got the documents to prove it. I wuz captured by a band of pirates and marooned on a small island in the middle of the Pacific and left to perish miserably.——

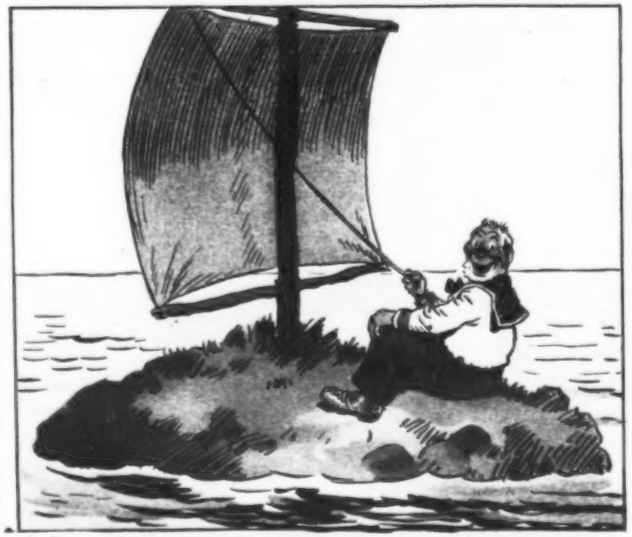


2. —— But one day I sees somethin' queer approachin'. When it got closer I sees it wuz the back of a submarine boat. 'They 're comin' to rescue me!' I shouted, with me heart boundin' fer joy.——



3. —— But jist then the thing disappears and the next I feels an awful jolt that sends me sprawlin', and the ding busted island seems to rise right outer the water!——

4. —— When I gits me bearin's ag'in I takes a look under the water, and buckle me bowsprit! that submarine boat hit the island amidships below the water line and plowed right through like a piece of cheese, cuttin' it off 'n the mainland. And I found meself on a *floatin' island!*——



5. —— But bimeby I gits an idee! I rigs up a sail on the tree that wuz a-growin' on the island, and purty soon I 'm a-scuddin' before the wind at a good, comfortable clip.——

6. —— And arter ten days I struck land, and there wuz me old friends, the crew of the good ship Pipe Dream, awaitin' to welcome me. Yes-sir! And I had that island fastened to the mainland and sold it fer buildin' lots."

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